

All Ireland

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No. 1.

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A Word of Greeting from the Director.

BY REV. PETER C. YORKE.

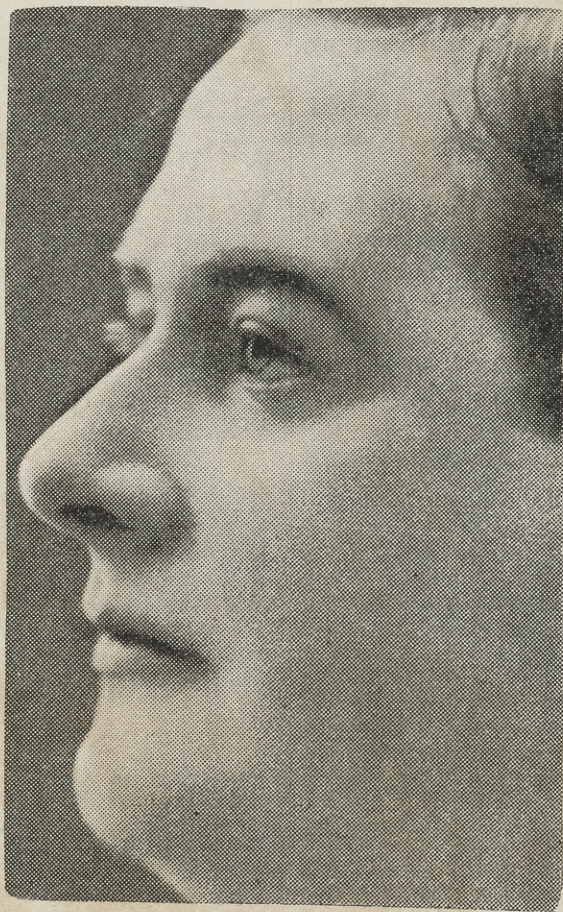
It is an old saying that we should not count our chickens before they are hatched. For that reason we should take a humble tone in the beginning of such an uncertain enterprise as a fair. There are two points, however, of congratulation which cannot be denied me and of these I must make as much right now as I may. The first point is the magnificent spirit shown by the ladies and gentlemen who have volunteered to help in the fair—and every one of them is a volunteer. The second point is that the presentation of things Irish in the Pavilion is such as to be noble and worthy of the Irish people. The needs of St. Peter's Parish will, I am sure, be easily met by the proceeds of the fair. My further aim has been to give the Irish people and their friends value for their money and put before them, as I understand it, the best and most beautiful things that Erin affords.

There is no doubt that if we had more time, say a full year of preparation, we would do much better—but there is a time limit to all things. With the few months at our disposal wonders have been accomplished. Here I wish to thank the Very Rev. Walter McDonald, Doctor in Divinity, Prefect and Professor, on the Dunboyne establishment of Maynooth College for his kindness, his willingness and his resource in helping us in the fair. To him we owe the thirty-two sods from the thirty-two counties of Ireland, each authenticated by the signature of the local clergyman. When we consider that among these are the names of a prince of the Church and numbers

of high ecclesiastical dignitaries, we the Irish in San Francisco, feel honored and are grateful to the generosity which thus regarded our enterprise.

ved salvation. Juda and Israel, Ionians and Dorians, Patricians and Plebeians, the North and South in America, why, they are all mile

Irish Fair. No claim whatsoever but this: What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If we in St. Peter's wish to have a fair and have got the proper permissions we are entitled to have the best fair we can get up. Now there is no better fair than an Irish fair and having started an Irish fair we were bound in honor to give the Irish people a fair they could be proud of. That I think we have done at least as far as the external appearance of the Pavilion is concerned. The people of the parish have done noble work and the people outside of the parish have been unsparing in their efforts. Both inside the parish and outside of the parish every worker is a volunteer. On that I pride myself more than aught else. Their labor is a labor of love. I hope when the fair comes to a close both the Irish people and the people of the other nationalities will feel that they have been given an entertainment and a spectacle worthy of an ancient, an intellectual and a high-spirited people. After all the higher the opinion a people has of itself the more it will bring to the new nation that is a-building by this western sea. I should like to feel that in this Irish fair I had given the Irish people of birth and descent something that would instruct them in their history, that would inform them of their present, that would enhearten them to do the very best that is in them, to make their mark on this glorious commonwealth of California whose plans are laid by so many great minds and whose walls are building by the willing hands of so many and divers folk.



REV. PETER C. YORKE

There are some mild and gentle folk who deprecate the county idea and there are some vinegar degenerates who sneer about faction fights and rivalries. Now let me say out plainly that county rivalries are a good thing. Only in a graveyard is there unanimity. Every section of the world that ever amounted to anything had its domestic rivalries. Through them they achieve

stones in progress. The Irish counties are, of course, at present more or less artificial, but they enshrine the great natural truth that a man should love his birthplace and be proud of it—Home sweet home, be it ever so humble there is no place like home. Why shouldn't we stand up for it?

Again there are others who wonder what claim St. Peter's has to hold an

My Christmas Earthquake.

(Written for "All Ireland" by the Rev. M. P. SCANLAN.)

"We knew it as God's prophets knew;
We knew it as mute redmen know."
—Joaquin Miller.

I.

It is certain that the Indians knew the earthquake was coming. They had spoken about it for several days amongst themselves. The redman can read signs and wonders that are darkest mystery to the paleface. With their ears to the ground, they had heard strange mumblings from Tauquitz twenty miles away.

Tauquitz is a mountain peak that rises abruptly from Strawberry Valley. The Indians fear it and hate it and keep away. And small blame to them. In their theology which doubtless is as sound as much that passes current in this weary world, Tauquitz is the winter residence of his majesty "Old Nick." It seems that, like other crowned heads, his majesty has what a Gaelic Leaguer would call "unaisy spills." Then the acute children of the desert and the mountain catch the discordance of the family jars under Tauquitz and fear and hate it more than ever. They know that soon there will be the devil to pay.

It is a fitting place for an earthquake. The whole valley is of well-marked volcanic formation, rocks and boulders glowing red in the sunlight with the ashes of prehistoric fires. With Tauquitz to the south, on the north and close to the town Mount San Jacinto towers, like a giant sentinel, ten thousand feet above the valley. His head is hoary with snow for nine months of the year. By the way, the Indians hereabout have a clearly defined tradition that their ancestors came from a cold country in the north after having crossed a narrow body of water. Perhaps some ethnological readers may thus be able to trace the primeval peopling of the American continent from Asia over Bering Strait. But that is another story.

In the year of grace, 1899, I was the Christmas guest of an old and honored Spanish-Californian family, the Estudillos, in San Jacinto, California. Senor Francisco Estudillo was formerly the Indian agent for Southern California, and his kindness and love of the redmen won from them the title of the "Indian's friend." "Heap good man, Senor Estudillo" said Bonifacio to me that eventful day, and it is of record that, when his term expired, most of his salary had been spent to keep the wolf from the doors of more than one reservation.

The county of Riverside has an area of 8,000 square miles and it is all one parish. There is no priest in all the lovely valley of San Jacinto, and so it came to pass that, at the request of a friend, I had journeyed thither to give the white people and the Indians of the district an opportunity to hear Mass on Christmas Day.

"Merry Christmas!" Maybe that

was all that it meant but I assure the readers of ALL IRELAND that the way of saying it makes a great difference. I had some experience with earthquakes in San Francisco and the provinces subject thereto. Once I fell half-way out of bed in sleepy Oakland where one would not expect a seismic or any other kind of a convulsion. I fell the whole way out of bed in Maryland on that memorable night in 1886 when the city of Charleston was laid in ruins. But these, as I knew them, were only baby earthquakes beside the terrific giant that came to San Jacinto at half-past four Christmas morning.

"Merry Christmas!" I was in a deep sleep when I was rudely awakened from my dreams. It seemed to be the crack of doom. The whole house shook and twisted and writhed as if in intense agony. The chimneys came tumbling down about our ears. The plaster of walls and ceilings was shaken to dust. Chinaware and chimney lamps were smashed into fragments. For several seconds—they seemed hours—I was too paralyzed to move. I felt as I imagine a rat must feel in the jaws of a bulldog. When I regained the power of locomotion I ran to the front door and out on the veranda. Meanwhile I kept shouting with all my might to my host and his wife to get out of the house, as I thought that the whole structure would be razed to the ground.

When we had all reached the front yard, the earth was still quaking. It was a beautiful morning, clear, crisp, and frosty. The chill mountain air soon steadied our nerves and reminded us that we had forgotten our clothes. I felt somewhat as I imagine those brave Irish boys must have felt who, under Captain Dave O'Mahony, stormed the walls of Cremona in most unmilitary uniform:—

"We've no quarrel with the shirt,
But a breeches wouldn't hurt,
For the morning air is chilly in
Cremona."

Having hastily dressed ourselves, my host and I proceeded to see how our neighbors fared. Senor Estudillo first led me to his son's house a mile into the country to find that all was well. Then we went down town. There confusion reigned supreme. Not a house in the place escaped serious damage. The front of the bank had fallen into the street and the money coffers were open to view. The floors of all the stores were strewn with the goods that had filled the shelves. The chicory got mixed with the coffee and in the sugar there was not merely sand but also lime.

San Jacinto is a prohibition town, but there were revelations that Christmas morning. The earthquake had penetrated into secret places. More than one "blind pig"—which is the Greek for *shebeen*—was unmasked. I met one good citizen, loving husband

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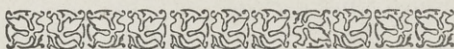
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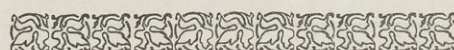
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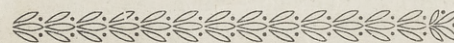
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and kind father, who smelled like a distillery. He explained that the alcoholic fumes came not from his breath but from his—trousers. He had hidden a Christmas bottle in his clothes-press away from his wife's prying gaze and the earthquake did the rest. Bottle and breeches collapsed in the universal cataclysm singing, mayhap, with Tom Moore:—

"Our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

From the ruined town I proceeded at daybreak to the pretty little church a furlong away. The demon of Tauquitz had played his pranks there too. The plaster had fallen from walls and ceiling and covered the pews, the organ and the floor. The Stations of the Cross were completely demolished. In the sacristy the chimney had fallen through the roof. The altar was wrecked. On Christmas Eve the ladies of the parish had decorated it with the greatest care and skill, but now all the cunning of their hands was undone. The altar cloths were soaked with water from the vases; other cloths I could not get in the mountain town and so I had to take these and dry them in the sun. The altar stone was wrested from its place. The crucifix was broken.

By nine o'clock, which was the hour for Mass, everything was ready. But there were no people. For once they had a good excuse for being late. Every family in the valley had suffered severely. Without exception they had to cook their breakfasts in the open air, as the chimneys were all down. I waited until ten o'clock for the congregation and then the church was crowded.

It was not necessary to preach a sermon that day. It would be a work of supererogation. I had become as sounding brass on a tinkling cymbal. No eloquence could compare with that of the earthquake. It spoke to the people with the voice of the thunders and lightnings of Sinai!

II.

After Mass it was reported that several persons had been killed or seriously injured in the neighborhood. Having taken a hasty breakfast Senor Estudillo and I drove to the places whence these reports had come. The county hospital was a perfect ruin. Not a stone was left upon a stone. It seemed almost a miracle that no one was killed and only a few slightly injured. There amidst the ruins I saw a solitary Irishman sitting as Jeremias sat in spirit amidst the ruins of Jerusalem. He looked desolate and woe-begone. I approached to offer sympathy, and said: "Merry Christmas." "No, Father," he replied and then drawled out in a West-of-Shannon accent: "That d— earthquake. It killed the cat and broke my pipe." I could not restore to the cat even one of its nine lives, but a few cigars atoned for the loss of his *dhudeen*. Then he told me he was glad the hospital had fallen, for the Supervisors would rebuild in the county capital where he could go to Mass every Sunday. He prophesied

well, too, but the new hospital was not for him. Soon afterwards he went to that eternal city where there are no Supervisors.

From the county hospital we hastened to Saboba, the Indian reservation five miles away. The news had just reached us that a number had been killed there and many others seriously injured in the morning's catastrophe. On the way Senor Estudillo told me the story of the overthrow of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. This Mission, established in 1776 and called the Melrose Abbey of the West from the beauty of its architecture, was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1812. The Spanish friar was at the altar, saying the Sunday Mass. The red-skinned altar-boy had rung the warning bell before the Consecration and the people were bending low before the awful Mystery, when the worst earthquake in the history of the white man's occupation of California shook the building from its foundations and buried more than a hundred in the ruins. Only the priest and the altar-boy had lived to tell the tale.

As we approached the Saboba reservation, we could hear the doleful crooning of the women mourning for their dead. Even the men were speechless with horror and fear. Every moment they expected another shock and pointed sadly towards the dead volcano of Tauquitz from which smoke could be faintly seen curling up in the distance. It was only the smoke from a forest ranger's campfire, but to their heated imaginations it came from the nether region. The end of the world was at hand.

Bonifacio, the good captain of the reservation, came to meet us and briefly told the story. Six were killed outright; as many seriously injured. The dead were all old women between eighty and one hundred years of age. They were the basket makers of the pueblo and had contributed much to its support by the cunning of their aged hands. Too often these poor weavers maintain the young bucks in idleness and vice.

The tragedy happened in this way. The Mission Indians of California have a saying in Spanish which they always quote on Christmas Eve: "This is no night for sleep; Mary's Baby will come before morning." On that night they never go to bed. On this particular night after supper the Indians of Saboba went in a body to the chapel of the reservation. The highest honor they can confer on a fellow-tribesman is to choose him to take the place of the priest in reciting the prayers and directing the devotions on such an occasion. Captain Bonifacio was the chosen one at Saboba, and with him they recited the Rosary and sang several hymns to their own weird melodies. After two hours spent in these devotions, they withdrew to the largest adobe in the place to spend the night in recalling the ancient glories of the Missions in the days before the Gringos came. They also indulged in a mild and innocuous form of dancing,

(Continued on Page 6)

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THE FAIR.

The Irish Fair is of the people—"kindly Irish of the Irish." It is their work. Its success will be their pride and glory. Without their loyal and enthusiastic help it would be an impossibility. The chief difficulty in organizing fairs is to secure earnest and devoted workers. The manager may make splendid plans but who will put them into execution? It would be vain and foolish, indeed, to give us a glimpse of the glorious landmarks of old Ireland and to duplicate the sacred shrines of Erin, were there not devoted children of the motherland to appreciate them and to help in the good work. Whilst we do not wish to take away any of the credit from Father Yorke which is undoubtedly his, still the energetic committees and helpers are entitled to their share and it is no mean part. They came forward and volunteered their services—something unheard of in the history of fairs. The project appealed to them and nobly did they respond. From the four provinces and the thirty-two counties of Ireland they came to make the Irish Fair worthy of the Old Land and worthy of him who in this new land is its noblest son. They disregarded parochial boundaries and set aside the tradition which accounts it a deadly sin against the fifth precept of the Church to turn a hand for a fair outside your own parish. There are, we learn, some who have a grievance at this. But what are they going to do about it? It's a free country, anyhow, and if the people will almost unanimously help on the Irish Fair, who will say them nay? It still remains to be written in the annals of fairs that anyone was sent away from the doors because he did not enjoy the privilege of living in such a parish.

In another sense the Fair is of the people. It will represent not only the glories and achievements of Irish genius but the everyday life, the pastimes and amusements of the plain, everyday Irish people. There be a class of Irish who are always apologizing for their race. They "point with pride"—the pride of the cad—to a few Irishmen who were eminent in some department. They trot out the names of some poets or novelists, soldiers or statesmen, as proof positive that we are not utter savages. All of which is the veriest rot. The Irishman has nothing to apologize for and he doesn't need the prestige of a few great names to hold his own. Commend us to the plain people—"kindly Irish of the Irish." The Fair will give us an idea of Ireland and the Irish as they were

and are. It will show us Ireland in the days when her sons flung the Round Tower into the heavens and designed the Celtic Cross, when they studded Glendalough with the seven jewels and built for eternity Cormac's Chapel, when they dotted the land of Erin with monasteries and churches and filled them with generations of Saints and Scholars. The Fair will show us Ireland of the present day. It will be typical of the people. It will be democratic. It will be of the people and for the people.

A LESSON FOR THE CELT.

Men of a nation are brothers. For that reason, in Catholic parlance, nations are spoken of as families. They are families. No other word rightly expresses the relationship in which the citizens of a country stand to each other. They are bound together in a brotherhood that is of divine institution, and which as such is sacred in the eyes of men. It is as real and true as is the brotherhood of men born of the same parents, and it is as eloquently proclaimed and as steadfastly maintained by nature. No other proof of its existence were needed than the mutual obligation and duties of citizens in a country, for these bind them together as sons of one fatherland, but there is another proof more intimate and more convincing. A man may go out from his fatherland and sever the community of interest with his compatriots, and thus in great measure break the bond of brotherhood between him and them. This other proof is the men themselves. Nature stamps them as brothers. Men of a race inherit a common temperament, which for centuries has been accentuated in the stock whence they spring by conditions of soil and climate. They have characteristics ethical and physical which cause them to sympathize with each other, but which mark them as strangers to other people and others as strangers to them. To them it alone is the mother tongue, to all others it is a foreign language. Every man is thus identified with his own race. He cannot change. Nature wishes him to remain through life that which she herself has made him. Men may indeed identify themselves with the interests of a new land and swear allegiance to a foreign government, but in temperament, characteristics, aptitude, thought and in tongue, he will remain what he was in the beginning. Nature will not admit radical transformations. Those who attempt them masquerade. The foreigner who, on the morrow of his arrival, will pose as a characteristic American, is like the hippopotamus, which, at the fancy-dress ball, got itself up like a swallow or like the ostrich which put its legs into the sleeves of the keeper's overcoat and pretended to be an elephant.

Nature wants us to remain what we are. It is a simple lesson and easy to learn, but, like most simple things in nature, the importance of it is not realized till the result be well considered. One result in particular is the justice

of clannishness among compatriots who become citizens of a new land. Men thus circumstanced have a double brotherhood that has the approbation of nature. The two are compatible. Let no one suppose that a man may not be a true citizen of America and at the same time an ardent lover of Germany and of the Germans in America. He can wish well to all and still be particularly anxious to see his compatriots succeed in the land of their adoption. In this practical aspect of national brotherhood the Celt could learn a lesson. It were well for him to do so. The Anglo-Saxon on foreign soil form a mutual-benefit association. So do the German and the Hebrew and the Italian and the Frenchman. The principle is maintained whether conditions of life be high or low. The head of a Scotch firm has a partiality for Highlandmen, and boys of German descent knead dough in "Dutch" bakeries. Hebrew trades with Hebrew, Lutheran with Lutheran. As a result, the respective rising generations grow into business positions and become successful men in life. The nation of their adoption looks upon them as a desirable class, and it approves of the fraternity existing among them. The Celt could learn a lesson. This is the most numerous class in any American city, but there is less real unity in it than among men of other nationalities. The Irish are treated accordingly and suffer in consequence.

CELTIC HAGIOGRAPHY.

Hagiography sounds like a swear word, but, nevertheless, it moves in good society. It refers to saints. In the city library the word is written over the shelves where the lives of the saints are stacked up tier upon tier. Celtic hagiography is an important department in the early history of Ireland, for the first heroes of the Celtic people were all either saints or warlocks, and their memoirs are the earliest state papers extant.

Ireland had many saints. That is natural. A clever people attain eminence in the Church as well as on the City Hall. The Irish always had sense enough to see that four and an add one make five, and that virtue is admissible even in private life. Now the Celts were proverbially clever. In fact the word "Celt" has reference to the mental and physical superiority of the race, just as the Celtic word "Teutonic" refers to the ample posterior colosities of the people whom the Celts in their journey Westward met on the banks of the Rhine (teugh-ton).

When Christianity was introduced into Ireland so many men and women became leaders on the King's highway that the country became known in the Catholic world as the Isle of Saints. Not only the Colodei, as the Celtic monks were eventually called, but laymen and women galore were saints. The home was as holy as the cloister. Politicians were good and policemen went out of business. In fact, if things were now in San Francisco as they

were then in Ireland there would be a panic in the city. It seems like a fairy tale of religion, and speilers wonder how the "polys" and lawyers of the day ever allowed such a condition to come to pass. Perhaps it was they who introduced the barbarian in order to stop it. Anyhow, the barbarian did come to the country on his Westward march. He goes slowly to the West and he brings with him the seven woes of the apocalypse. By the way, he is in Manila now, and from him the devil has learned new ignominies to practice in hell. He came to Ireland first as an invader and then as an enemy to the Church. It happened this way: Henry VIII wanted to marry his own daughter. The Pope wouldn't have it, and the Irish, being a decent people, thought as the Pope did. He suffered in consequence. Troops of purple-robed martyrs went up from Ireland to the great White Throne. They were many, many thousands in number, and were from all conditions of people. They were the second great category of Irish saints. Then followed the early apostles of the land and their disciples, and the pupils of these, who, in subsequent generations, continued the work of the master.

As a rule, a people honors its saints. It is right and just to do so, for the heroes in the vineyard of the Lord, who loved their people on earth and were useful to them, continue in heaven to love the children of their race and to interest Providence in the welfare of their land. Scarcely so the Irish. He respected his saints. Once in a while he would dedicate a church or a girl to St. Brigid, and on St. Patrick's Day the later generations got out the "green horror of flags and harps and shamrocks," but when there was question of getting Providence interested in things the Celt addressed himself to a foreigner. The original twelve got a fair share of patronage, and occasionally some one would risk a prayer to St. Patrick, but the real saints were from Continental monasteries. The old apostles of Ireland and the heroes of the reformation are almost forgotten. Here and there a church is dedicated to them, and once in a while one meets a Celtic whose odd Christian name, is explained, was once born by "some Irish saint." In Church circles, as in all things else, the Irish learned to look abroad for ideals and for help. In many departments the Celtic League has work to do at home.

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PASTOR TENDERS THANKS.

Rev. P. S. Casey Sends a Message to the Fair Workers.

I avail myself with great pleasure of this, the first issue of ALL IRELAND, to tender my most sincere thanks to all who have contributed to the success of our Irish Fair. It is only two months since the first meeting was held in St. Peter's Hall to consider the necessary arrangements for holding a parish fair. As the parishioners are practically all Irish by birth or descent, and as they hail from almost every county in Ireland, Father Yorke conceived the happy idea of having an Irish Fair with thirty-two booths presided over by representatives of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. This was a new departure from the old time-honored plan of running a church fair, or bazaar, and those unmindful of Father Yorke's great executive ability might think it somewhat risky. But that the parishioners had no such misgiving was shown from the enthusiastic manner in which they took hold of the project from the very beginning. And although Father Yorke's appeals for the funds to pay for necessary improvements in St. Peter's parish, was confined to the parishioners, yet such is the influence of his honored name, that the natives of every county in Ireland, on hearing of his intention to hold an Irish Fair, came from all parts of the city to offer him cheerfully their willing services. And so it was that the children of the Gael, unsolicited, rallied to the support of him whom they consider their leader, their benefactor, their gallant chief, their beloved Soggarth, and the pride and the glory of their race. With such workers, under such a manager, it was easy to foresee the success of the enterprise. And that it has been most successful is shown from the fact that the sum of \$8,000 has been collected during the past two months. This we look on as an earnest of that still greater success that will crown the efforts of all who work in the good cause, at the close of the Fair. My thanks are also due to our genial confrere, Father Lyons, for his earnest co-operation with the Rev. Manager in everything pertaining to the success of the Fair. Especially for his characteristic pluck in taking possession of the Editorial Chair of ALL IRELAND. Amongst the most zealous of all the workers are the devoted Sisters and Brothers of St. Peter's schools. The Academy Booth, presided over by the post graduates, will undoubtedly be one of the most successful.

That the Irish Fair will net a handsome sum is quite certain; that it will help to knit our people in bonds of closer union, make them better acquainted with one another, make them prouder still of their motherhood, and gain for them the respect to which they are entitled, will be one of its most gratifying results.

P. S. CASEY, Pastor.

HIBERNIA REDIVIVA.

"Dreaming once more of the haunts of young pleasure.

Oh, what a joy to forget our exile,
And stroll back again in each hour of our leisure

To spots that we knew in our own lovely isle;

To fancy again that we live where are glancing

The hues that are stolen from Heaven's own dome,

Is a magical art with illusions most trancing

Whose beauties grow dearer when longer from home."

Such was the poet's sentiment, and it finds echo in the breast of every son of Erin. Years may have passed since he left his native isle, family ties; business engagements may bind him down to a foreign shore; wealth and fame may seek to turn his heart and mind from his native land, but all in vain. When other lands with all their attractions may seem to have won his heart, still will the exile of Erin say:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untrammelled, fondly turns to thee."

It is well that it should be so. The Irishman is at his best when he remains true to what he was born, when he cherishes the memory of his native land, his native language, the faith of his fathers, the glories of ancient Irish history and the aspiration of future glory, which, like the sunburst of Erin, begins to dawn upon the land.

Circumstances will ever prevent the return of many of the children of Erin to the scenes of their childhood. Whatever will take the place of that visit; whatever will serve to bring back childhood scenes and memories must be appreciated and must serve a useful purpose. Such will be the Irish Fair. Here will be represented each county of Ireland; here will be natives of each of these counties; here will be mementoes of the old country, and many things to revive the scenes of boyhood's days. Here will be realized the wish of the patriot's heart—a united Ireland, all working zealously for one grand purpose. When the Irish Fair is past, with its happy memories, its pleasures, its friendships formed, its friendships renewed, the financial results will be applied to St. Peter's School. Here the history and language of Ireland will have their place; here will be educated those who, knowing Irish history, will be able and ready to defend the old land from the aspersions of those who know it not, and vindicate the right of Ireland to be honored and revered.

The Irish Fair, then, will do its part, and a great part in the grand work Hibernia Rediviva—Ireland as she was glorious in the past, and by the patriotic efforts of her children destined to be glorious in the future.

"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

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(Continued from Page 3)

for even poor Lo has not escaped the saltatorial madness. But there was no drunkenness, as a crapulous correspondent wrote. Towards morning a breakfast of tortillas and coffee was made ready and, after the Indian fashion, the young people were first served and went out in the open air. About a dozen old people remained squatted under the west wall and were taking breakfast when the earthquake came. The falling wall crushed out six lives and so wounded four others that my first duty was to prepare them for death. To stand over these broken bodies and watch their writhings while powerless to alleviate their sufferings did not tend to soothe one's nerves nor dispose to cool self-possession; and if on that occasion I failed to observe any directive rubric, I hope the recording angel will drop a tear on my blunder and blot it out forever.

It now became necessary to arrange for the funeral of the victims. Stunned and stupefied by the dreadful calamity, the living Indians were powerless to do anything and the dry year had left them penniless and starving. Each body was lying on the bare ground, in front of the cabin it had tenanted in life, covered only by the dirty and blood-stained rags it had worn when the walls fell. The limbs were crushed and broken and in some cases the faces mangled and mutilated out of all human appearance. To make the best of a bad matter, a few of the strong men of the reservation were gathered together and the six bodies were taken to the reservation chapel and stretched on the floor before the altar. Senor Estudillo and I then returned to San Jacinto to procure food for the wounded and the very old who could not help themselves; to get candles and holy water, for by these death is robbed of half its terrors for the Indians; and to arrange with the government agent for the making of six rude boxes to be used as coffins for the dead. Having returned to the reservation, all the Indians and the white visitors were summoned to the chapel. Many candles were lighted on the little altar and a few words said to explain the funeral service which must be read them, as it was intended to bury the bodies early the next morning.

It was a sad and solemn ritual. In my boyhood I had heard old folks tell of the uncoffined dead of the famine days. I had read the poem of "Jillie Andy." But such a sight as that at Saboba on Christmas Day I had never witnessed nor do I wish to witness any more forever. While memory remains I shall not forget the scene: The white altar ablaze with light casting ghostly shadows; the six battered and bleeding bodies coffinless on the floor; in the dusky background the stricken friends swaying and rocking in the sorrow and wailing like the Jews at the Wailing Place or the Irish *caoiners*, at a wake. My knees trembled as I read the words of the Ritual: That dread day; the day of wrath and ruin and misery; a great day and exceeding bitter when the heavens and the earth must be moved.

As I finished reading, another shock of earthquake shook the chapel walls; a woman uttered a shriek like the cry of a lost soul; the sun of Christmas Day sank blood-red behind the San Bernardino range; Tauquitz raised its ugly head, grim and menacing in the twilight, and Mount San Jacinto cast its giant shadow over all the valley.

Our Catholic Colleges.

The history of our Catholic Colleges is about the same everywhere in this country. In California as elsewhere it may be said of them, that we're born in poverty, nursed in indigence and are still far from opulence.

This lack of means is, of course, detrimental to an institution, but it has been partially remedied, in many instances, by greater efforts on the part of teachers and professors.

Tuition fees, and these quite moderate, are the only resources our Catholic Colleges have to depend upon. Hitherto no generous-spirited citizen has thought of them, private munificence has not regarded them nor has there been a wealthy Catholic that remembered them in his will.

And yet our Catholic multi-millionaires are many—but their benefactions to Catholic Colleges are conspicuously few. Indeed, it would seem that some of them are quite eager to give their gold and lands to institutions remarkable for their wealth and not phenomenal for their worth. Look at any catalogue of a Catholic College in California and see the list of those who have endowed scholarships, contributed to the library, museum, etc. Facts and figures are eloquent, but when neither are in evidence it would seem they are more eloquent still.

So that apart from the encouragement and good will of His Grace, the active sympathy of the Reverend Clergy and the gratuitous labors of the religious bodies in charge of them our Catholic Colleges in California are solely dependent on the number of their students to keep them living, active and efficient. But though they lack well-lined coffers and in some cases costly physical and chemical apparatus, yet the men they have sent forth have taken their place in the battle of life, in commercial pursuits, in the learned professions, in law, in medicine, in the priesthood, side by side with those issuing from state-petted halls of learning, and held their own—nay, some of the graduates of our California Catholic Colleges are the foremost men in the various professions and avocations to which they have devoted themselves. Men who, even before having reached the meridian of their days, have carved for themselves names of which to be proud, and who are as noted for their loyalty to their faith and its practices as they are for their prominence in the professions which they adorn. To such sons, each of our Catholic Colleges in California can point, and like Cornelia of old

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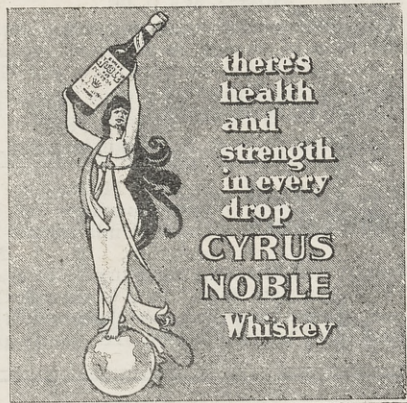
cry out with pride and gladness, "These are my jewels." Yes the proudest boast of any College is the noble record made by her sons. It is not only a source of joy to the Alma Mater, but it is an incentive to other Catholic young men to attend Catholic schools, for it demonstrates that the education imparted in them, while closing none of the avenues to positions of honor and emolument, gives them what they will not receive in institutions where God is ignored, or at least where His law may not be expounded.

Though, comparatively speaking, but of yesterday, though burdened with taxes and deeply in debt, our Catholic Colleges in California, have done, and are still doing good work. Thanks to the friends of Catholic Education, to His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, the zeal of the Reverend Clergy, the solicitude of parents, and the conscientious labors of those connected with our Colleges, the number of students is constantly increasing and their motto, as that of their teachers, is "Onward and Upward." Many of the seminaries of the East and of Europe have opened their doors to the graduates of our Colleges in California, and the records they have made, or are now making, speak well for their industry and ability and for the training they received before leaving this Golden State.

So that judged by the men they have sent forth and are still sending forth to take their place in the battle of life our Catholic Colleges can justly lay

claim to the appreciation of all good citizens, and may not without reason, look to the wealthy of the State, especially wealthy Catholics, to remember them substantially—and thus have the consolation of knowing that at least some of the riches they have amassed will serve a good purpose when they themselves have been gathered to their fathers.

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